



58 ILLUSTRATED PAGES OF WEIRD TALES!

CREEPY

A WARREN
MAGAZINE

FOC

CREEPY
JULY
#21

**MORE GREAT
COMICS** featuring
**SPINE-TINGLING
TALES OF
FRIGHT and
TERROR!**



40c



OFF WE GO TO THE UNCHARTED JUNGLES OF ASIA, FRIENDS! FOR IT'S THERE IN THE ETERNAL SHADOW OF THE HIMALAYAS THAT WE'LL FIND THE NEXT LEAF IN...

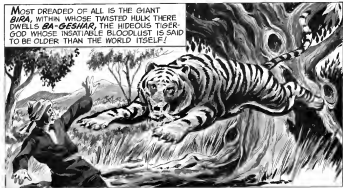
CREEPY'S LOATHSOME LORE!

IN NORTHERN INDIA THE VILLAGERS WELL KNOW THAT EVEN THE **TREES** OF THE FOREST CAN BE WELL-SPRINGS OF EVIL AND AGONY...

FOR SOME HOLD WITHIN THEM THE GHOSTLY FIENDS OF THE EARTH—AND TO APPROACH SUCH A PLACE IS TO DRAW **DISASTER** DOWN UPON ONESELF!



MOST DREADED OF ALL IS THE GIANT **BIRA**, WITHIN WHOSE TWISTED HULK THERE DWELLS **BA-GESHAR**, THE HIDEOUS TIGER-GOD WHOSE INSATIABLE BLOODLUST IS SAID TO BE OLDER THAN THE WORLD ITSELF!





PUBLISHER:
James Warren

EDITOR:
Bill Parente

MANAGING EDITOR:
Richard Conway

ART DIRECTION:
Brill & Waldstein

COVER:
Gutenberg Monteiro

ARTISTS THIS ISSUE:

Steve Ditko
Bob Jenny
Gutenberg Monteiro
Angelo Torres
Sal Trapani
Tony Williamson

WRITERS THIS ISSUE:

Archie Goodwin
Ron Parker
Bill Parente

CREEPY

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CONTENTS

THE RATS IN THE WALL

A REAL JUICY THOIR FROM THE CREEPY CRYPTS
ABOUT UNUSUAL RATS AND REVOLTING ROTS!

4



ROOM WITH A VIEW

RESERVATIONS ARE AVAILABLE, BUT YOU MAY HAVE
FEAR AS A ROOMMATE

15



THE IMMORTALS

SINGLE CREEPY TAKES US FOR A TRIP TO THE FUTURE,
WHERE EVERYTHING WORKS ACCORDING TO A SPECIAL
ARRANGEMENT

21



CREEPY FAN CLUB

FRENCH TAP DANCE, FEATURING THE WORK OF
OUR CREEPIEST READERS

29



A REASONABLE DOUBT

MASSACHUSETTS IN THE 18th CENTURY WAS NO
PLACE TO BE... ESPECIALLY FOR A DANIEL IN
DISTRESS!

31



SWAMPED

MEET A CONVICT, THREE VAMPIRES, AND A POSSE
FOR A TALE IN THE TRUE "CREEPY" TRADITION

40



TIMEPIECE TO TERROR

READ ABOUT OSCAR BANK THE FURNACE, AND
THE TIME HE TRIED TO REAT THE CLOCK

51



DEAR UNCLE CREEPY



I'd like to say that your magazine is the greatest thing since Marco Polo's discovery of the printing press. I thought issues #18 and #19 were absolutely stupendous! The artwork was horrifyingly beautiful and the plots were simply out of this world. One question though, why so few stories UNC? I was just getting good and frightened when I reached the end of your disgusting digest. Anyway, CREEPY is really the utmost in terror and I have to admit, you're really got me hooked. Keep up the scary stuff and I'll keep up no screaming about you.

BERNIE TRIANCE
Lewville, New York

Hooked is it . . . I guess that explains the "line" you've been handing me . . . Bernie old bean. Everybody knows that migratory Marco never played around with any printing press. His game of lame wits . . . such . . . "Pals" . . . wasn't it. About our stories . . . well I figured too much score here might not agree with you. Seeing how most of us survived though . . . check out my next couple of crime chronicles for a glimpse at the gore genre I've got in store for you . . .

I am sorrowful to announce that the superior CREEPY magazine is slowly turning to rot. It has lost all of its talented, master artists and is left with some pretty rotten contributors. Your periodical will have to shape up or ship out!

Now go to CREEPY #19. The publication was somewhat thin in page content. The fact is, CREEPY is becoming thinner and thinner every month. The CREEPY FAN CLUB page has vanished, there are fewer stories, the art is getting very amateurish and the plots are

poor. The cover of #19 was unsatisfactory when compared to the other masterpieces you have had and it would appear that the end of greatness for CREEPY is very near. An immense change in this publication is required to bring it up to its high standards once again.

BOB SHIMKO
Manchester, Penn

If you had to survive on the slop Worms is feeding us Bob, you'd be getting thinner every month too! But my erudited editor has promised that from now on, our tasty terror table will be loaded with gruesome goodies for you to nibble up. This issue the fan page is an our marbled menu, as well as this luscious letter column which should appease your ailing appetite. To fill you up on the rest of your hunger, perhaps our next letter can flame our fans.

Took pen in claw to scribble you a few words about your latest ish. It was horrible! So keep up the good work! The cover by Fregio was genuine work of horror art and I can't help feeling, despite what people keep saying, that new faces can be quite a bounty to your magazine.

Of course many of us would like to see Fraetta, Williamson, Adams, Torres, or whenever our favorite artist happens to be, do ALL the artwork every issue. This of course is impossible. Besides, I guess that those fellows are surrounded with hundreds of other commitments, which makes it pretty rough getting them so often as you would like.

With this in mind, I think it's great to have a "guest" like you around to give a guy a chance to "break in" as they would say. Who knows, you may just turn up the "Fraetta" of tomorrow!

As far as your stories go, we'll like most things, some are good, others not so good. I guess that's a matter of opinion. In any case, I can only repeat that I enjoy your books very much and I'll keep buying them. I think you've got a great thing going.

HARVEY TAYLOR
Trenton, New Jersey

Thanks for the kind grid. I always suggest we keep going . . . sometimes or another. For a minute there I thought, between Bob's order to "ship out" and your "bouts" bit, that I was going to have a mutiny on my hands. It brings a tear of thanks to my blood-soaked blinkers to read such . . . stuff . . . praise.

As an Irish monster fan, I think your magazines are the best I have ever seen. CREEPY and EERIE contain the great-

est artwork in the world and I have collected five issues of your magazine, and four of EERIE. Over here in Ireland, I find that back issues are very difficult to get hold of. I was wondering if it would be possible for me to send you English money instead of dollars? I would like a year's subscription and the back issues I need to complete my collection.

ALFIE MERRIGAN
Fermagh, North Ireland

Heh . . . looks like our exasperated old, EERIE has to play second fiddle again. About these issues Alf . . . while I have nothing against giving a "passed" or two, my patriotic publisher insists that there's nothing like American "values" to keep a reader's "wits" down. And you won't have much of one if I'm "gobbling" up your green stuff by the time you read this. You shouldn't have much trouble . . . after all, you do live on the "Emerald Isle" don't you?

First off I want to tell you how much I enjoy your magazine, it is truly one of the greatest things to come along in this century. I have the utmost respect for your artists, writers, in fact everyone connected with your terrific mag. I do have a request though. Some time ago I sent you an order for some back issues which I feel should have arrived by now. Is there any way of checking into your subscription department to find out what happened to them? I have been a CREEPY fan since issue #17 and I can understand all the problems you must have, keeping up with us maniacs. Any light you can shed on this subject will be greatly appreciated. I know you will help me out in this.

STEVE BARNEY
Virginia Beach, Va

I'll have to keep whatever light I throw on the matter at a feeble flicker. Some . . . got to be careful about my bumpy belly baddies you know. Anyhow, your old Uncle has been looking into this for all you horror hater hounds . . . I can assure you all your requests for our sitting rat will be filled. You have to remember . . . a zombie works very slowly . . . you thought maybe our help was slow in the event, you'll get what's coming to you. . . heh . . . heh . . . I PROMISE!

You probably won't print this (ED: Here we go again!) but I'm tried to be as fair as I could about an opinion on CREEPY #19.

The cover was scary but didn't have enough detail. Although Fregio did a great job on the face, the rest of the jacket looked impact. I didn't care for the colors either.

"Loathsome Lore" . . . hmn . . . where have I seen that one before?

While it's hard angling Rudyard Kipling as a writer, Craig's artwork for "Mark Of The Beast" was really overworked. Just compare this story with "Eye Of The Beholder" on page thirty one and you'll see what I mean. I guess Mr. Craig really did the first story in a hurry. Still, compared to Bob Jensen's attempts, Craig's stuff is certainly superior. Man . . . "Camilla" was nothing short of horrible, bottom of the barrel garbage. And what's with the "continued" on another page bit? You're going all the way down the drain on that if you ask me.

"Monster Work" is some of the best stuff Rocco Mastroserio has ever done but enough with the naps. I already can understand ONE getting in now and then, for the fans who may have missed them altogether, but let's not go wild. How about some new gore fellows? I haven't had a good nightmare since ish #17, so come on you ghouls. Otherwise I might give my loathsome loyalty to your crawling cousin.

HAL RACHEFSKY
Boston, Mass

That wasn't a "jacket" our fastening friend was wearing Hal . . . it was a shroud. And besides . . . if you were a walking corpse, you'd look a bit weak and poked like . . . don't you think? But I'll keep you in mind when I dream up our next ish . . . you know . . . maybe a few of your's will come true.

I'm sorry, but I must say you have failed real! I like your magazines a lot. They are different and original but lately I've noticed you never have any stories about girl monsters. This is the first letter I've written to you but I feel so disappointed in you. I had to say so. I don't know if you have many girl readers, but I'm one of them and if you want me to stick with you, please have some stories about girls in CREEPY sometimes.

ROSSETTA WATKINS
Bartlesville, Oklahoma

Why Rosette . . . some of my favorite demons are dames . . . and if you'll feast your fangs on this month's fertile "Heartytale" . . . you'll find some female fantasy just for fans like you . . .

Want to write us?
Address your prize pen letters to:
CREEPY LETTERS
22 E. 42nd St. NYC 10017

HERE'S A REAL JUICY ONE FROM THE CREEPY CRYPTS—ER—
ARCHIVES!— ABOUT RATS AND ALL THAT ROT! IT'S ONE OF
THE BEST ONE OF THE GREATEST OF THEM— H.P. LOVECRAFT



The RATS IN THE WALLS

THREE MONTHS AFTER MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER
MURDERED HIS MOTHER, FATHER, TWO SISTERS,
AND THREE BROTHERS, OUR ANCESTRAL HOME
VOMITED FORTH WAVE AFTER WAVE OF EMACIATED,
FILTHY, AND DISEASED **RATS!**



HE FLED TO AMERICA, WHERE HE
GAINED A REPUTATION AS AN
HONEST, HARD-WORKING VIRGINIA
PLANTER...

WALTER DELAPORE'S FARM
AND FAMILY PROSPERED. TWO
STRONG SONS AND A STURDY
WIFE TOOK UP ALL HIS TIME.

BUT SHERMAN'S SWEEP
THROUGH THE SOUTH ENDED
ALL THAT.



THE FAMILY HAD ALL BUT
DISAPPEARED BY 1917...

GOOD LUCK, SON! IF YOU GET
TO ENGLAND, YOU MIGHT LOOK UP
OUR FAMILY HOME. WE DON'T
KNOW MUCH ABOUT OUR PAST.



YOUNG CHARLES FOUND THE HOUSE, BUT WASN'T
TOO IMPRESSED!



Blackstone, England
June 15, 1917
Dear Father:
I haven't been
around - which by the
way, I'm sorry about.
It's been a long time
since I've been home.
The story around
here makes my
grandfather a hero
of war - quite a
hero!



LATER, HE WAS HORRIBLY WOUNDED AT THE FRONT.

YOU SHOULD BE GRATEFUL THAT YOU'RE ALIVE, SO MANY BOYS DIDN'T COME BACK AT ALL...



HAVING DEVOTED 25 MONTHS TO HIS NOW-DEAD SON, EDMUND DECIDED TO ENJOY THE FORTUNE HE HAD MADE DURING THE WAR.



CHARLES LIVED ON FOR TWO YEARS...

HE'D LIVE IF HE WANTED TO... BUT THE BITTERNESS WITHIN HIM IS EATING HIM OUT ALIVE...



ALTHOUGH HE FOUGHT DOWN THE IMPULSE, HE WAS IRRESISTIBLY DRAWN TO ENGLAND.



I SUPPOSE TECHNICALLY, THE PRIORITY IS MINE...

NEXT STOP, ANCHESTER, SIR...





IS CAPTAIN NORRYS
AT HOME, PLEASE?

WHOM SHALL I
SAY IS CALLING,
SIR?



TELL HIM THE FATHER
OF CHARLES DELAPORE,
THEY WERE FRIENDS
IN THE WAR!

DID-DID YOU
S-SAY
DE LA POER...
SIR?



MR. DE LA POER!
DELIGHTED TO SEE
YOU! WHAT ARE YOU
DOING UP HERE?



I WAS VERY UPSET
TO HEAR ABOUT
CHARLES.

IT WAS PROBABLY FOR THE
BEST. HE WAS NO MORE THAN
A SHELL. HE COULD NO MORE
INHABIT HIS BROKEN BODY
THAN A MAN COULD LIVE
IN EXHAM PRIORY...



ARE *YOU* INTERESTED
IN THE OLD RUIN, TOO?

I AM A LITTLE
CURIOUS, YES!



I MUST TAKE YOU
OUT TO SEE IT. SOME
ARCHEOLOGICAL FRIENDS
AND I SPEND A GOOD
TIME THERE.

WHAT? YOU'RE
NOT AFRAID OF
GHOSTS?

TELL ME SOME OF THE LEGENDS ABOUT EXHAM PRIORY!

JUST A LOT OF ROT, ACTUALLY!



THE ROMANS ADDED THEIR OWN ALTARS TO THE ORIGINAL ONES, AND DRUID SACRIFICE JOINED ROMAN ORBY...



THEY SAY THAT CENTURIES AGO INDESCRIBABLE RITES WERE PERFORMED HERE -- SACRIFICES, BLACK MASSES...



AROUND 1000 AD, IT GREW INTO A HUGE MONASTERY SUPPORTING SUCH A STRANGE RELIGIOUS ORDER THAT IT WAS NEVER MOLESTED.



FOR COURAGE AND LOYALTY IN HIS CONQUESTS, HENRY III GAVE THE LAND AND PRIORY TO GILBERT DE LA POER, FIRST BARON OF EXHAM, IN 1261.



ALTHOUGH THE PROPERTY STOOD ON THE LAND OF THE KING'S DOMINION, IT WAS NOT WISE TO GIVE, SO WHEN THE BARON TRIED TO MOVE IN...





HE FOUND IT NECESSARY TO ASK
A FEW OF THE BROTHERHOOD TO LEAVE

TO THE VICTOR GOES THE SPOILS, AS *ANY*
GOOD BRITISH SOLDIER CAN TELL YOU.



THE BARON'S FIRST SON WAS BORN WITH
CLOVEN HOOFS!...THE BARON DASHED
ITS BRAINS OUT.



HAVING AN HEIR, THE BARON WENT ABOUT
FORTIFYING AND ENLARGING HIS ESTATE.

HIS SECOND SON WAS MORE NEARLY
NORMAL AND WAS ALLOWED TO LIVE.



THE BARON THEN TURNED MOODY, AND WITH GOOD REASON. ON HIS SON'S SEVENTH BIRTHDAY, THE BOY SEVERED THE MAIN ARTERIES IN THE BACK OF HIS FATHER'S LEGS. TWO YEARS LATER THE LAD MURDERED HIS OWN MOTHER!



THIS BRUTE'S HEIRS CONTINUED TO RUN THE PLODY AND TO COMMIT THE MOST HORRIBLE CRIMES.



I WONDER IF SOME OF THAT BLOOD IS STILL IN ME... I HAD A COUSIN WHO MOVED TO JAMAICA! HE NOW RULES A VODOO CULT THERE...

EVERY FAMILY HAS A FEW OF *THOSE*! DON'T WORRY! HA, HA, HA!

WHAT WAS THE HOUSE LIKE INSIDE?

SOME ANTIQURIAN FRIENDS OF MINE FIGURED IT ALL OUT.



THEN YOU THINK IT COULD BE RE-BUILT ACCURATELY?

OF COURSE! MY FRIENDS WOULD BE DELIGHTED TO HELP YOU!



RECONSTRUCTION BEGAN IMMEDIATELY—BUT WENT SLOWLY BECAUSE OF LOCAL OPPOSITION!

DE LA POER IS THE DEVIL'S OWN RIGHT HAND—
BURN HIM!
BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

AFTER TWO YEARS, THE WORK WAS COMPLETED. FRIGHTENED VILLAGERS BEGAN LOCKING THEIR DOORS...



EDMUND'S HOUSEHOLD CONSISTED OF SEVEN SERVANTS AND NINE CATS.



THE CATS IMMEDIATELY WENT TO WORK EXPLORING THEIR NEW HOME.



I'M VERY PLEASED, THE FIRST WEEK HAS GONE BY WITH ABSOLUTE TRANQUILITY.

I KNOW, AND IT'S SUCH A SHAME THAT NONE OF THE LOCAL PEOPLE WILL TAKE ADVANTAGE OF YOUR HOSPITALITY.



THAT NIGHT THINGS BEGAN HAPPENING...

YOWWW! SALEM GET YOUR CLAWS OUT OF ME!



BUT THEN EDMUND HEARD IT TOO...

IT SOUNDS LIKE HUNDREDS OF RATS RUNNING THROUGH THE WALLS!



NEXT MORNING...

NO MASTER, DIDN'T HEAR ANYTHING STRANGE LAST NIGHT!

NOR WE NEITHER, SIR!





NO, SIR, BUT THE COOK DID MENTION THAT THE CATS HAD BEEN ACTIN' UP SOME...



THE NEXT NIGHT, EDMUND WAS PLAQUED BY HORRIBLE NIGHTMARES!

ONCE AGAIN, HE WAS AWAKENED -- THE WALLS SEEMED TO BE **ALIVE** WITH INVISIBLE RATS!



THE CATS SEEM TO HAVE GONE MAD, MASTER!



DIDN'T YOU HEAR THE RATS?

NO, SIR!

THE NEXT AFTERNOON...

NO, I'M DELIGHTED YOU CALLED ME! I'VE WANTED TO SPEND A NIGHT HERE EVER SINCE IT WAS FINISHED.



GOOD! I THOUGHT WE'D TRY SLEEPING IN THE CELLAR!

AND THAT NIGHT...

AHH-WWWW!



HA, HA, HA! WHAT ANOTHER BAD DREAM?

WAIT! LOOK AT THE CAT!



HE WANTS TO GO INTO THE CRYPT! COME ON!



THERE'S NOTHING HERE!

WAIT! LOOK AT THE CANDLE! IT'S FLICKERING!



OH!!

LOOK HOW THEY'VE BEEN GNAWED BY RATS!

THEY FOLLOWED THE STAIRWAY UNTIL THEY CAME TO WEIRD UNDERGROUND VAULTS WHICH SUGGESTED UNLIMITED HORROR AND MYSTERY...

LOOK! THEY KEPT THOSE CREATURES, WHO WERE NEARLY HUMAN, IN THESE PITS... I NEEDN'T TELL YOU WHAT *THEY* WERE BRED FOR...

EDMUND, THERE ARE ROWS OF CELLS IN THERE! ONE OF THE SKELETONS IS WEARING A RING WITH YOUR CREST!... AND HE'S ONE OF THE NEAR-HUMANS!



SHOCKED AND FRIGHTENED, EDMUND BEGAN RUNNING FOR HIS LIFE!



RATS!
I HEAR
RATS!



THE AUTHORITIES HAD THE ENTIRE PRIORY DESTROYED...

NO, NO, I DIDN'T DO IT, IT WAS THE RATS, THE RATS KILLED NORRIS! NOT I! IT WAS THE RATS, THE RATS IN THE WALLS!



END

YOU *RABID READERS* LOOK A LITTLE PALE AFTER THAT LAST *PULSE-FOUNDER*... BETTER REST UP! LET ME ARRANGE SOME *LOATHESOME LODGINGS* FOR THE NIGHT... RIGHT UP THE DARK, CREAKING STAIRS YOU'LL FIND A...

ROOM WITH A VIEW!

IT WAS LIKE A HUNDRED AND ONE OTHER SMALL-TOWN HOTELS DEXTER HAD STAYED IN... BAD LIGHTING, SEEDY FURNISHINGS... ORDINARY AND DULL...

I NEED A ROOM FOR THE NIGHT...





AN AIRSHAF... SOME YEW! NO
WONDER NO ONE'D STAY HERE!



OH, WELL...
JUST ONE NIGHT!
BETTER GET SOME
SHUT-EYE...



AAAAHHH!



WHO THE---



EMPTY! NOT A
SOUL ANYWHERE...



HEY! DON'T TELL
ME I'M LETTING
THAT CLERK'S OLD
WIVES' TALES GET
TO ME...



JUST NERVES... I'M
EXHAUSTED... BETTER
HIT THE SACK...



YET EACH TIME DEXTER CLOSED HIS EYES, HE COULD STILL SEE THE EVIL FACE AND CHILLING STARE OF THE HORROR REFLECTION...



IT LOOKED SO REAL... BUT THERE WAS NOTHING BEHIND ME... **BLAST IT!** I CAN'T SLEEP FOR THINKING ABOUT IT... AWW, WHAT'S THE USE...



... I'LL TAKE ANOTHER LOOK!



N-NOT HERE... N-NOTHING JUST LIKE BEFORE!



NOT ANOTHER MINUTE
... I'M NOT STAYING HERE!



FRONT DESK... ANYTHING WRONG, MR. DEXTER?

GOTTA GET HOLD OF MYSELF... I'LL SOUND LIKE A FOOL... CLERK'S CRAZY HINTS MADE MY IMAGINATION RUN WILD... THAT'S ALL... HAS TO BE...



N-NO... JUST WANTED TO LEAVE A CALL FOR ME AT EIGHT...

THE NIGHT CREPT ON BUT NO SLEEP CAME TO DEXTER... ONLY AGONIZING, TORTURED THOUGHTS...

MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE LEFT... WAS TO BE MY IMAGINATION... MIND PLAYING TRICKS... THOSE F-THINGS... SO REAL! TRY TO THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE... WHAT IF THEY'RE IN THERE NOW... WATCHING... CAN'T BE... SILLY... WON'T...





THE CLERK GASPED IN HORROR... THE ROOM HE STOOD IN MIGHT HAVE BEEN ABANDONED BY DEXTER, BUT THE ROOM IN THE MIRROR'S REFLECTION WAS... **FULLY OCCUPIED!**



DEXTER PICKED A HARD WAY TO SKIP OUT ON THE HOTEL BILL, BUT AT LEAST HE FINALLY GOT TO SLEEP... **PERMANENTLY!** YOU MAY HAVE TROUBLE SLEEPING TOO, WHEN YOU READ MY NEXT LITTLE **SCREAM STORY!**



AND NOW, CONNOISSEURS OF TERROR, WHAT SAY WE SPREAD
OUR FURRY LITTLE WINGS AND FLY AWAY FROM THIS
CHAOTIC AGE— INTO A NICE, NEAT FUTURE, WHERE EVERY-
THING WORKS ACCORDING TO THE ARRANGEMENT
UNDER THE KIND, IF SOMEWHAT STERN, PROTECTION OF...



THE IMMORTALS!

CAN'T STOP MY HAND
FROM TREMBLING! THIS IS THE
THIRD TIME IN A WEEK! IT CAN
ONLY BE DECAY!



BUT, I'M STILL A YOUNG MAN!
HOW CAN I DECAY SO SOON?
IT-IT ISN'T FAIR!



AN IMMORTAL!
HE MUSN'T SEE ME
SHAKING LIKE THIS!
OH, PLEASE!



THE INSCRUTABLE GUARDIAN OF THE UNIVERSAL ARRANGEMENT
CONTINUED ONWARD, LEAVING OREN 12-3429 WITH
HIS ANGUISHED THOUGHTS.



THE TREMBLING WAS STOPPED
BUT I FEEL **WEAK**! NO TIME
FOR THAT! HAVE TO...
RETURN... TO MY
FUNCTION!



OREN 12-3429 ROSE FROM THE BENCH, HIS LUNCHTIME
NEARLY GONE. EVERY LIVING BEING HAS ITS FUNCTION
UNDER THE ALL-PERFECT ARRANGEMENT BY WHICH MANKIND
IS RULED. BUT THE ARRANGEMENT MAKES NO PROVISION
BUT DEATH FOR THOSE WHO BECOME OBSOLETE -



PERHAPS THEY WON'T FIND
OUT! MAYBE I CAN HAVE -
A FEW **MONTHS**!

WHY?

MY NAME
IS KAREN
14-9277
I'VE BEEN
WATCHING YOU!



PANIC FILLED OREN'S EVERY FIBER
LIKE ELECTRIFIED VENOM! COULD SHE BE
AN IMMORTAL IN DISGUISE? COULD SHE -

PLEASE DON'T BE AFRAID!
I ONLY WANT TO
HELP YOU!





THROUGHOUT THE REST OF THE DAY, OREN 12-3439 WAS UNABLE TO DRIVE THE STRANGE GIRL'S FACE FROM HIS MIND.



THE BRIEF TOUCH OF HER HAND RE-ASSURED HIM. AS THEY WALKED THROUGH THE DARK-ENING STREETS, HE THOUGHT OF HOW HE HAD ALWAYS LONGED TO FIND SOMETHING MORE - A WAY OUT OF THIS HUMDRUM MECHANICAL EXISTENCE! PERHAPS WITH KAREN 14-9377 - PERHAPS AT LAST...



YES IT **CAN** BE DONE, OREN! MACHINES WERE **CREATED** BY MEN—IN AN AGE NOW FORGOTTEN! THEY WERE MADE TO SERVE US—BUT THEN OUR ANCESTORS LOST CONTROL—

I—CAN'T **BELIEVE** IT!



NO ONE CAN AT FIRST! BUT IT'S TRUE! WE **WEREN'T** MEANT SIMPLY TO SERVE THE ARRANGEMENT!

YOU'LL UNDER-
STAND AS
TIME GOES BY,
OREN!



WE'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU! YOU'RE ONE OF **US**!



BEFORE VERY LONG, WE MEAN TO **SMASH** THE ARRANGEMENT ONCE AND FOREVER! ARE YOU **WITH** US?



Y-YES! YES—IF IT'S POSSIBLE—IF WE CAN ACTUALLY BE **FREED**—I'M WITH YOU!



BUT SOMETHING WASN'T RIGHT. AS HE LEFT THE BLOODY CELLAR, OREN'S HEART SICKENED WITH FEAR. HOW **COULD** MAN EXIST WITHOUT THE ARRANGEMENT? HOW **COULD** MACHINES HAVE BEEN DESIGNED BY **MEN**? HOW **COULD** MERE HUMANS HOPE TO DESTROY THE SACRED AND ALL-PERFECT PROGRAM CENTRAL?



NO—IT'S ALL WRONG! THEY'RE LYING—TRYING TO TRICK ME!

BUT I'M NOT THERE'S AN IMMORTAL APPROACHING—**I MUST—I WILL—**







LIKE THE INCOMPARABLE ENGINE OF DESTRUCTION THAT HE WAS, THE GUARDIAN OF THE ARRANGEMENT LEAPT TO THE ATTACK



AT LENGTH, THE WILD TUMULT DIED AWAY, AND ONLY THE SILENCE OF DEATH REMAINED TO BE BROKEN BY THE DEEP, EVEN VOICE OF THE TRIUMPHANT IMMORTAL...



YOU HAVE DONE
LOYAL SERVICE TO
THE ARRANGEMENT
AND SO YOU MAY
KNOW REWARD

WHAT
BOON DO
YOU ASK?

LIKE A BURST OF LIGHT,
OREN/12-3429 REALIZED
WHAT HE WANTED! YES,
THERE WAS SOMETHING
MORE TO LIFE THAN
MERE MECHANICAL
EXISTENCE-THE ARR-
ANGEMENT HAD MADE
PROVISION FOR HIM...

I WANT TO BECOME
AN IMMORTAL!

WITHOUT A PAUSE THE REPLY
WAS GIVEN...

REQUEST GRANTED!
COME WITH ME!

AFTER A BRISK WALK THROUGH THE
BRIGHTLY LIT STREETS...

I DID IT! I FOUND MY
WAY OUT OF THE
NIGHTMARE! I-

OPERATION?

THE OPERATION WILL BE
PERFORMED AT ONCE!
GO IN HERE!

YES! TO BECOME AN
IMMORTAL MEANS TO HAVE
THE INEFFICIENT HUMAN
BRAIN REPLACED BY A
MORE PERFECT MECHAN-
ISM DIRECTLY
CONNECTED TO
PROGRAM CENTRAL!

NO!

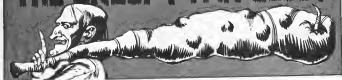
AS A GLORIOUS IMMORTAL,
YOUR EVERY THOUGHT, WORD
AND DEED WILL BE DIRECT-
LY CONTROLLED BY THE
SUPREME PROGRAM-
FROM NOW UNTIL THE
END OF TIME!

NO-O-O-O-O

OH WELL, OREN -
AT LEAST
YOU'VE FOUND
JOB SECURITY!

END

THE CREEPY FAN CLUB!



Decent of you to **DROP DOWN** as the **CREEPSTERS**... why not **HANG** around for another **JOLTING JOURNEY** into **CREEPYLAND'S CHOKING** fan club?

Just ask any one of the "greats" who habitate "horrorland" about **BILL PARENTE** and they'll quickly answer "WHOM?" If you'll scan the bottom of this month's morbid issue (hurry through lest you bust to store), you can't help notice... those... the putrid picture of what Warren tells me is our new editor... **UGH!** If you want my opinion, he looks like something that slithered out of our "Loathsome Lane" page. Oh well... however dismal... duty calls, so without further ado... I do... fill you in on him that is.



While **POISONOUS PARENTE** denies being an atomic mutant sent to "rock" based upon the unfortunate game here at the **Creepy** coop... he will admit to being born. Where... well would you believe **Bellevue Hospital**... and I'll give you one guess in which ward!

Shortly after being "switched," **BESTIAL BILL** began his writing career filling notebooks with his harrowing hallucinations... instead of his homework. Because of this, while still in grammar school, this fair for the macabre proved of no value to him whatsoever... he did manage to win

third prize in the annual **AAA Safety Poster Contest** if that's any consolation. After bungling his way through that, a close friend who acted as one of the judges (it figured) was to say of **BILL's** remarkable drawing ability"... give it up boy!

However despite this constructive criticism, **BILL's** parents recognized his hidden talent (no one ever did find it), so they encouraged **WRITHING WILLIAM** to enter the **School of Industrial Arts**. Realizing the value of their council, **BILL** then succeeded in winning a scholarship... to **Fordham Prep**... which of course has nothing at all to do with commercial art, but nevertheless established one important fact... **BILL** wasn't very big on listening to his parents.

After an extensive tour in the Navy during which time **BILL** wrote for such famous publications as... "The Boogie Homme Richard Gazette," our gruesome job settled in San Francisco to soak up some creative culture (and sun... and seawater) and whatever else was laying around. He soon "vamped" his plans to become a brilliant horror writer when the results of a shrunken stomach, grew more distressing than the revolting revelations of a shrunken head.

So, back to mad Manhattan came our abominable author, first to enroll at the "Fashion Institute of Technology" for a short lived semester and then at "Fairleigh Dickinson University" to study creative writing. While he was keeping his decaying drama from crumbling to dust, **BLOODY BILL** free lanced as a photographer which at least filled his veins with enough venom to subsist. While making up portfolios for aspiring actresses, he met a beautiful, hopeful who later became his wife. Recalling it now, **Linda Parente** says that meeting **BILL** was the turning point in her career... it destroyed it completely! After such an experience... what else could she do but marry him?

Through the years besides

developing an insane interest in the many, classical, horror writers... (see in particular... our emaciated editor attributes much of his infectious inspiration to **Al Feldstein**, **Ray Bradbury** and **Rod Serling**. Many's the nefarious night he'll spend a sinister session, trembling through their terror tales or delving into the immortal li-

servies of a large comic collection.

Whatever frantic future this package of paranoia holds in store for you readers, can be found clotting the creeping contents of yours truly's mail... and now that **BILL** has joined our tormented team, I can only say... **GOOD LORD... WHAT HAVE WE DONE?**



A furry fensidy who's looking for someone to fill his after dinner... turkey that is... has us **CREEPSTERS** **CRIMING**, **NICKOLAS CUTL**, **MALIGNANT MEMBER #238** conjured this hairy hallucination for us. Nice going **Nick**... your salivating scarful really is a... "catia."



THE CHOICE

Elizabeth was terrified! The last thing she could remember was running into the fields to milk the cows... then she had stumbled! She must have struck her head on something, how it ached. Suddenly a neatly dressed man, sombre in dreary clothing, appeared before her. "How are you feeling Elizabeth?" inquired her visitor.

"Where am I?" she answered... seeming to surprise the stranger. "My dear girl" he replied, "don't you know where you are?" She shook her head. "My dear girl" he replied again, "you're dead."

"I thought you knew..." "Then this must be heaven!" sighed the girl, looking around her. The man laughed. "This isn't heaven!" he began, a smile crossing his pointed chin, "just a place where you are punished!" The girl drew back, her lips trembling. "What are you going to do with me?" she questioned in a whisper. Beckoning her to follow, the man began walking toward a dark cloud which hung just below the purple horizon. "You'll have to spend a few thousand years here... in lesser torture you might say" he grinned.

Passing to watch Elizabeth's tiny shoulders shivering in quiet terror, finally the slightest gaze of her keeper flickered and he spoke. "But I have a proposition to make you" he began... reaching at last the heavy mist of the forsaken limbo. Elizabeth's eyes sparkled suddenly... perhaps there was a way out of this place. Stretching his arms toward the clearing behind her, he went on, "I will send you back there... just as it was before you... died."

forgetful to whatever went on here... if you will do something for me when you live again." The girl breath came in quick gasps while his saint voice echoed on. "When you die again... naturally you must come back to this place... but you will not be required to suffer as long. 'Well!' pounded the voice... 'which shall it be?' 'If I agree to your terms' Elizabeth whispered, 'I'll have made a pact with the... devil!' 'NO... NO... I am not the devil I don't destroy souls... I only judge them! This is a chance for you to help me and gain something for yourself. Or would you prefer to spend an eternity in torture!'"

Her eyes flamed with tears. Elizabeth tried to speak. "But if I remember



TERROR TROOPER STEVE SMITH CFC #875... sends us his **SINISTER SALUTATION** which just goes to show you... some guys would rather "bite" than switch! Alas... IT! do our hairy hantamen no good to "mean" over to like that... somebody ought to tell him he's "barking" up the wrong tree...



This bristling beastful seems to have taken a "shine" to someone... and decided to "harvest" a "change" in his diet. **CONVULSIVE CREEPY CLOUMBER DOYLE SHARP...** #2000... really knows how to keep on top of things... if you know what I mean.



Here at the **CRAWLING CREEPY CLUB** comes... even a wolf can be a "dog" when it comes to spotlighting our gruesome guest in some fearsome tenters. Our first "shining" acornful comes from "fanatic" **LOUIE ESTRADA, CFC #824**. Looks like this leathorne lycanthrope doesn't want to "ghost" around... seems he got there first and after all... what's "fear" is "fear."

nothing of what goes on here, how will I do your bidding?" "That is for me to decide" came the reply. "But I must have your decision quickly, others have died today also... you fell and hit your head against a rock... take this opportunity... now I am getting old, if that is possible... I need other souls to help me. What is your choice?" Hesitating, Elizabeth shrugged her shoulders. "I'll go back." "Good" sighed the bleak stranger. "we shall meet again but for the time being you are just

a girl... a small one at that but in time... you will grow... beautiful... and strong."

Little Elizabeth stood up in the pasture... she rubbed the back of her head, kicking the rock beneath her tiny feet away from her. For some strange reason she felt wonderful... say... happy... but a farm girl has her chores to do, like milking the cows and it was quite late for that now from the small cottage nestled among the wind bent trees, she could hear her mother call-

ing to her. "Elizabeth come in now... there's a storm coming!" Elizabeth! The girl dropped her bucket... wishing her father would let her chop the firewood instead... It fascinated her so to watch him wield the shovels. Again her mother shouted to her. "ELIZABETH

LIZZIE BORDON YOU GET IN HERE RIGHT NOW DO YOU HEAR!" Little Lizzie turned once to look over her shoulder at the black clouds that bubbled in the sky above her. Indeed a storm WAS coming! End



DONE ANY GOOD DEEDS TODAY KABOD READER? NO? THEN LET'S LOOK IN ON A SCENE IN MASSACHUSETTS LATE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. LET'S OBSERVE DONALD LANDON AS HE RESCUES A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS IN...

A REASONABLE DOUBT

THE GIRL STUMBLED FRANTICALLY AS THE CURSING, ROCK THROWING MOB PURSUING HER CAME CLOSER.



DONALD LONDON, RETURNING FROM SEVERAL MONTHS IN ENGLAND, WAS EN ROUTE TO HIS CABIN WHEN HE CAME UPON THE SCENE.

QUICKLY,
INTO MY
CARRIAGE!

UNDER THE SHARP STING OF THE DRIVERS WHIP THE HORSES LEAPED FORWARD, SOON OUTDISTANCING THE HOWLING MOB.

THOSE IDIOTS! YOU COULD HAVE BEEN KILLED. WHAT THE BLAZES IS THE MATTER WITH THEM, MISS...MISS...

A-ANDREWS, ELIZABETH ANDREWS. THEY...THEY THINK I'M A... A... WITCH!



A WITCH? GOOD GRIEF, I THOUGHT THAT NONSENSE STOPPED TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO. WHATEVER GAVE THEM THAT IDEA?



MY...MY FATHER AND STEPMOTHER. THEY WERE BRUTALLY MURDERED NOT TOO LONG AGO...HACKED TO DEATH BY SOME MANIAC...SOMEONE SAID I WAS POSSESSED BY A DEMON...THAT I CAST SPELLS...THEY EVEN SAID I DID THE DEED AS... AS A BLOOD SACRIFICE TO THE DEVIL HIMSELF...



WHY THAT'S ABSURD! WHATEVER GAVE THEM AN IDEA LIKE THAT?

I GUESS IT ALL STARTED ABOUT A YEAR AGO, WHEN MY MOTHER DIED...



I HAD BEEN TERRIBLY DEVOTED TO MY MOTHER, AND HER DEATH WAS A TERRIBLE SHOCK TO ME...

MOTHER!
MOTHER!

COME AWAY,
ELIZABETH.

NO SOONER WAS MY MOTHER LAIN TO REST THAN MY FATHER REMARRIED A WOMAN HE HAD BEEN SECRETLY VISITING, A WOMAN WE KNEW I LOATHED...

I CONTINUED TO LIVE IN THE HOUSE AS I HAD NO PLACE ELSE TO GO, ALMOST FROM THE MOMENT THAT TERRIBLE WOMAN MOVED IN SHE TRIED TO MAKE MY LIFE AS MISERABLE AS SHE COULD, TREATING ME AS A SMALL CHILD...

PERHAPS THIS'LL TEACH YOU TO KEEP A CIVIL TONGUE IN YOUR HEAD...

FINALLY I WENT TO SPEND A FEW DAYS WITH A FRIEND OF MINE, JUST TO GET AWAY FROM THAT TERRIBLE HOUSE FOR AWHILE.

WHILE I WAS ABSENT A NEIGHBOR FOUND MY FATHER IN HIS BED, BRUTALLY MURDERED...

AND MY STEPMOTHER WAS FOUND
DOWNSTAIRS...

AND THEY
THOUGHT
YOU
DID IT?

IT WAS NO SECRET IN TOWN THAT I HATED
MY STEPMOTHER, NOR THAT I RESENTED MY
FATHER FOR MARRYING SO SOON AFTER
MOTHER'S DEATH. BESIDES, MY FATHER WAS
A FAIRLY WEALTHY MAN, SO I STOOD TO
INHERIT THE ESTATE.

WITH TWO MOTIVES, AND NO
OTHER SUSPECT IN SIGHT,
THEY PUT ME ON TRIAL FOR
THE TERRIBLE CRIME.

WITH NO
EVIDENCE
OTHER THAN
THAT?

THE TOWNSPEOPLE WERE
ENRAGED OVER THE
KILLINGS. THE SHERIFF
FEARED HE MIGHT NOT BE
RE-ELECTED IF HE DIDN'T
PRODUCE A KILLER!

THE TRIAL LASTED NEARLY A FORTNIGHT
AS THEY TRIED TO CONVICT ME...

...AND WITH THIS HATCHET THE
DEFENDANT METHODICALLY
SLAUGHTERED BOTH THE
DECEASED...

THE SHERIFF EVEN HAD "WITNESSES" WHO SAID I WAS A **WITCH**...

WHY HER VERY OWN MOTHER TOLD ME SHE WAS POSSESSED BY THE DEVIL. SAID SHE CAUGHT HER ONCE WITH A NEIGHBOR'S CAT, MAKIN' **BLOOD SACRIFICE**...

FINALLY, THOUGH, UNABLE TO PRODUCE ANY REAL EVIDENCE, THE JUDGE HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO DECIDE...

NOT GUILTY!

THEN...THEN YOU WERE ACQUITTED. BUT WHY WAS THE MOB CHASING YOU?

THE DECISION OF A COURT DOES NOT ALWAYS INFLUENCE THE MIND THAT HAS FOUND YOU **GUILTY**.

SINCE MY RELEASE I'VE LIVED IN VIRTUAL SECLUSION IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE, AFRAID TO STEP OUTSIDE. BUT WITH FOOD RUNNING LOW...I TRIED TO SLIP OUT TONIGHT...

AND THEY SPOTTED YOU. GOOD THING I HAPPENED BY WHEN I DID.

I THINK IT WOULD BE BEST IF YOU SPEND THE NIGHT HERE. TOMORROW I'LL HAVE A TALK WITH THE AUTHORITIES TO SEE WHAT CAN BE DONE TO PROTECT YOU.

YOU...YOU'RE VERY KIND.

LATER THAT NIGHT, AFTER PREPARING A ROOM FOR THE EXHAUSTED GIRL, DONALD LONDON RELAXED IN FRONT OF A FIRE TO CATCH UP ON THE NEWS THAT HAD HAPPENED IN HIS ABSENCE.

FOOLS! STILL LIVING IN THE DARK AGES. BLOOD SACRIFICES INDEED!

DAILY AMERICAN
AXE MURDERESS
ACQUITTED!!

LIZZIE... ELIZABETH
ANDREWS? MY GOD!
THAT GIRL! SHE'S...

...LIZZIE
BORDEN!

LIZZIE BORDEN TOOK AN AXE
AND GAVE HER MOTHER 40 WHACKS.

HEE HEE. QUITE A CUT-UP THAT
LIZZIE. DONALD JUST WENT TO
PIECES IN THE EXCITEMENT.

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C'MON, YOU RED-BLOODED READERS! GO SOUTH FOR THE WINTER AND MEET DRUSILLA...YOU GOTTA BE RED-BLOODED TO MEET HER, 'CAUSE SHE'S A VAMPIRE! DON'T BE TOO WORRIED...IT'S THE HEIGHT OF THE TOURIST SEASON AND DRUSILLA AND HER FAMILY ARE USUALLY...

SWAMPED!

GETTIN' DARK, SHERIFF! RECKON WE OUGHTTA TURN BACK?

WE GOT TORCHES! NO TURNIN' BACK TILL THAT MAD DOG'S BACK IN IRONS!

AIN'T NOBODY EVER BEEN THIS DEEP IN THE SWAMP BEFORE! AN'D SAY IT'S LIKELY OL' LEROY'LL GET KILLED ON HIS OWN WITHOUT OUR RUNNIN' HIM DOWN!

AH CAN'T TAKE THE CHANCE! HE'S GOT AWAY ONCE... WE DON'T STOP TILL LEROY KANE'S BROUGHT TO HEEL!















HEH, HEH HEH, POOR OL' KANE REALLY GOT SNAMPED DIDN'T HE? BUT DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM, LITTLE FIENDS. HE'S STILL AROUND FOR HE TOO IS A VAMPIRE! TOUGH LUCK, EH? ANYWAY GUESS IT BEATS PRISON! HEH, HEH!



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TIME AND TIDE WAIT FOR NO MAN, OR DO THEY?
OSCAR RANK HAD THE LAUGH ON *THAT* FICKLE
FABLE, FOR A WHILE, WHEN HE *WOUND* UP WITH THE...

TIMEPIECE TO TERROR!

OSCAR RANK WAS A FURNITUREBROKER! HE SPECIALIZED
IN PICKING UP THE PITIFUL PIECES OF BROKEN
LIVES, AND WITH EACH PIECE OF HIS CLIENTLESS
PASTS, HIS FEELINGS FOR THEM, BROOD BIT BY
BIT. OSCAR WAS A GREAT A MIZER, AND WORST
OF ALL... A DREAMER.

I HATE TO
GIVE YOU THIS
WATCH... IT'S AN
HEIRLOOM! BUT THIS
DEAL CAME UP AND...
WELL... FIVE BUCKS
COULD...

SURE CHIPS, I KNOW...
IT'LL GET YOU BACK
ON YOUR FEET AGAIN,
RIGHT? I'LL GIVE
THREE DOLLARS!

BUT, MR. RANK, THE CASE IS GOLD... **REAL GOLD!** IT'S GOT TO BE WORTH AT LEAST A FIVER!

LOOK, A WATCH IS A WATCH! IT WAS THREE DOLLARS YESTERDAY, IT'S THREE DOLLARS TODAY! IF YOU COME IN TOMORROW, IT'LL **STILL** BE THREE DOLLARS! KEEP WASTING MY TIME, AND IT GOES DOWN TO **TWO!**

NO, NO! IF THAT'S ALL IT'S WORTH, THREE IT IS! BUT REMEMBER... I'LL BE BACK FOR IT, SOON AS THIS DEAL WORKS OUT... SO HANG ON TO IT!

SURE, CHIPS, SURE... AND WHEN YOU PICK UP THE WATCH, YOU CAN TAKE THE **REST** OF YOUR JUNK OUT OF HERE!



WONDER WHERE AN OLD TANKER LIKE CHIPS PICKED **THIS** UP? EXCEPTIONALLY FINE WORKMANSHIP... IT JUST **MIGHT** BE REAL GOLD!



PROBABLY NEEDS A GOOD CLEANING, ALL TARNISHED LIKE **THIS!**

WHAT'S **THIS?** SEEMS TO BE SOMETHING ENGRAVED ON THE INSIDE OF THE COVER...



PRETTY SMALL, LET'S SEE... "WHO WINDS MY HANDS FORWARD WILL TRAVEL TO THE FUTURE. WIND BACKWARD TO VISIT THE PAST, BUT BEWARE!... THE DEMON SOUL WHO GIVES SUCH POWER SEEKS TO ESCAPE ETERNITY..."



"TO USE THE CLOCK ONE MUST SIT IN A CIRCLE OF PIGS BLOOD AT ONE HOUR PAST MIDNIGHT. THE DEMON WILL COME, BUT HE CANNOT ENTER THE CIRCLE! AT TWO PAST MIDNIGHT HIS POWER WANES!"



I... I'VE HEARD OF SUCH THINGS... OBJECTS IMPOWERED WITH BLACK MAGIC... B-BUT, *THIS!* COULD AN OLD POCKET WATCH DO SUCH THINGS...? IT'S *IMPOSSIBLE!*



THE PAST, THE FUTURE, PIG'S BLOOD DEMONS... THAT'S A LAUGH! WELL, IF I GOT TO RUN, I'LL HAVE THE *LAST* LAUGH!



GOOD LORD! I'VE MOVED THE HANDS TOO FAR BACK AND... IT REALLY *WORKS!*!! EWW IN THE PAST! JUST HALF AN HOUR AGO! AND IF I MOVE THE HANDS *FORWARD*...



1-IT WORKS, EVERYTHING THE INSCRIPTION SAID WORKS---
TH-THEN THE WARNING ABOUT THE DEMON IS TRUE TOO...THE BLOOD, I MUST GET THE BLOOD!



AS ONE O'CLOCK DRAWS NEAR...

SOMETHING'S HAPPENING... SOMETHING'S CHANGING IN THE ROOM! W-WILL THE DEMON COME? THE CIRCLE OF BLOOD MUST WORK... IT HAS TO!



RRRRRRRRPAAAAARRGGHHHH
LORD, IT'S HERE!
KEEP BACK, KEEP BACK! STAY AWAY FROM ME... YOU CAN'T CROSS THE CIRCLE OF BLOOD!



IT WON'T CROSS!
IT CAN'T CROSS...!



AN ETERNITY OF TERROR LATER...



IT'S TWO O'CLOCK / THE THING'S GOING AWAY! THE BLOOD PROTECTED ME! THE WATCH... IT'S MINE TO USE / THERE ISN'T ANYTHING I CAN'T HAVE... ANYTHING!

OSCAR WAS SOON PUTTING HIS CRYPTIC TIME MACHINE TO GOOD USE...

SUFFERED THE WORST STOCK MARKET DECLINE IN TWENTY YEARS. ANOTHER DROP IS EXPECTED.

I'LL JUST GO BACK NINE OR TEN HOURS AND SELL SOME STOCKS BEFORE THE PRICE DROPS! THEN I'LL BUY THEM BACK AGAIN DIRT CHEAP WHEN THE MARKET FALLS!



HOW SIMPLE TO TURN THE WATCH AHEAD FOR RACE RESULTS BEFORE THEY'RE RUN! THE GUY AT THE PRY WINDOW THINKS I'M A GENIUS! HA, HA...



HA... MAYBE I'LL DO HIM A FAVOR AND TELL HIM ABOUT THE STORM COMING UP TONIGHT... HAHAHAA!



EACH NIGHT, AFTER USING THE WATCH, OSCAR WAITED FOR THE DEMON TO COME... WITH AN EVER-INCREASING RELISH.



SCREAM, YOU DISGUSTING BEAST! HOW TO DESTROY ME... BUT YOU NEVER CAN! THE CIRCLE PROTECTS ME! WHILE I GET RICHER AND MORE POWERFUL, YOUR SOUL **ROTS** IN THAT WATCH FOR ETERNITY. HAHAHAA!

OSCAR GREW WEALTHIER AND GREEDIER, HATING THE DEMON THAT HAUNTED HIM / HIS GREATEST PLEASURE CAME FROM THE TORTURED SCREAMS OF THE CREATURE!



REALLY HAD IT HOWLING TONIGHT, HEH, HEH! TOO BAD IT'S ONLY AROUND FOR AN HOUR...

OSCAR REPLACED HIS OLD PAWN SHOP WITH A NEW ANTIQUE PARLOR ONE DAY ON A VISIT TO HIS LANDLORD...

"...AND I NEED **ALL** THE ROOM I CAN GET! THAT'S WHY I WANT THE ENTIRE BUILDING. I'VE OFFERED A **VERY** GOOD PRICE, FERBER...

OSCAR, I TOLD YOU FOUR TIMES ALREADY, I'M NOT INTERESTED! THE BUILDING'S ALL I GOT... **IT AIN'T FOR SALE!**



STUBBORN OLD IDIOT! THE PLACE ISN'T WORTH **HALF** THE MONEY I'VE OFFERED. IF ONLY HE'D **DIE**, I COULD PICK IT UP FOR THE AUCTION PRICES AND...



THAT'S IT! THE OLD FOOL **WILL** DIE... BY MY HANDS! WITH THE WHICH I CAN KILL HIM AND **STILL** HAVE A PERFECT ALIBI... **PERFECT!**



EVERYONE SAW ME AT THE NEWSSTAND THIS MORNING AT EIGHT! I'LL KILL THE OLD FOOL AT THE SAME HOUR, NOTHING CAN **EVER** BE PROVEN AGAINST ME!



LATE THAT NIGHT, OSCAR SAT WAITING FOR HIS NIGHTLY VISITOR, BUT HIS ATTENTION WAS ELSEWHERE...

...THE BRUTAL MURDER OF LOWER EASTSIDE LANDLORD LOUIS FERBER STILL REMAINS A MYSTERY...

PERFECT! THEY CAN'T SUSPECT ME... AFTER ALL, WHO CAN BE IN TWO PLACES AT ONCE? **HEE-HEE-HEE!**



HERE YOU ARE,
MY FRIEND!
RIGHT ON TIME
... BUT YOU
JUST MISSED
THE NEWS! I'VE
COMMITTED A
PERFECT CRIME
AND I OWE IT
ALL TO YOU!

GO AHEAD, BEAST!
THREATEN, ROAR... IT
DOESN'T BOTHER ME!
YOUR SOUL ORES FOR
MY FLESH, TO NO AVAL!
HEE, HEE! TOO BAD!
YOU'LL DO AS I
PLEASE FOREVER!
NOW BE-
GONE! YOUR
TIME IS UP!

RRRRUUUAAARRGHHHHH!

... AND THAT JUST
ABOUT WRAPS IT
UP FOR TONIGHT.
LISTENERS, THANKS
FOR LETTING US
STOP BY AND

HOW HE *HATES* HE,
HEH, HEH! EACH TIME I
USE THE WATCH HE SUFFERS!
BUT THE CIRCLE
PROTECTS ME FROM HIM!
AND HE SUFFERS MORE
KNOWING THAT HA! WHAT'S
THAT? WHO'S THERE?

RRRRRAARGGGRRROWWWWW
NO! YOU
CAN'T DO THIS!
THE TIME... IT'S PAST
THE TIME! YOU CAN'T
COME OUT AFTER TWO
O'CLOCK! YOU CAN'T,
YOU CAN'T!
NOOOOO!

... AND DON'T FORGET, IF
YOU HAVEN'T DONE SO
ALREADY, TODAY BEGINS
DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME.
TURN THOSE CLOCKS BACK
AN HOUR SOMETIME! THE
EXACT TIME, EASTERN DAY-
LIGHT SAVING TIME, IS
ONE-FIFTEEN!

EEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!

NOW WASN'T
THAT SILLY OF
OSCAR TO DO ALL
THAT PIECES OVER
A WATCH? WELL,
IF IT'S TRUE THAT
A SLITCH IN TIME
SAVES NINE, MAYBE IN
ABOUT TWENTY YEARS,
SOMEONE CAN PUT
OSCAR TOGETHER
AGAIN, HEH, HEH,
HEH!

END



THIS PLANT ACTUALLY EATS INSECTS AND BITS OF MEAT!

VENUS FLY TRAP

\$1.00 THE WORLD'S MOST UNUSUAL HOUSE PLANT!

A BEAUTIFUL PLANT! The VENUS FLY TRAP is unusually beautiful! It bears lovely white flowers on 12" stems. Its dark green leaves are tipped with lively pink traps—colorful and unusual!

EATS FLIES AND INSECTS! Each pink trap contains a bit of secret. It is this color and sweetness which attracts the unsuspecting insect. Once he enters the trap, it snaps shut. Opposite jaws then dissolve him. When the insect has been completely absorbed, the trap re-opens and prettily awaits another victim!

FEED TO RAW BEEF! If there are no insects in your house, you can feed the traps live slivers of raw beef! The plant will thrive on such food. When there is no food for the traps, the plant will feed normally through its root system.

EASY TO GROW! The VENUS FLY TRAP bulbs grow especially well in the home. They thrive in glass containers and will develop traps in 3 to 4 weeks! Each order includes 3 FLY TRAPS plus SPECIAL GROWING MATERIAL packed in a plastic bag. Only \$1.00!

ADMITTED BY CHARLES DAPHIN, FARMER, SCIENTIST AND EXPERT

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